

FRATERNITY WIT.

A good motto for a physician—Have patients and you will succeed.

It is no use to try to frighten a top with the gallows. A drop has no terrors for him.

The net in which many a politician would now like to be caught and kept is the cabinet.

An alderman who used to be a night watchman is in the habit of referring to it as his late occupation.

Some housekeepers are so constitutionally wasteful that the more floor they have the more they knead.

Mention something that is great in convenience in domestic affairs. A coffee pot. It is a great convenience.

The young man who stores his mind with old proverbs must become wise. For instance, he will learn that "An empty bag cannot stand upright." No one ever thought or believed that it could, or even wanted to; but it is well enough to know such things.

A: "Because I much prefer bad children; for they are so much more often sent into the world than good ones."

A young man on being elected a member of one of our city regiments, wept and told his father that he had just "got his arms." "Arms," growled the old man, "I guess that on a battlefield the first thing you young fellows would want to know how to make the best use of your legs."

In a trial where it was attempted to get a murderer off on a plea of insanity, an old physician who was a witness, was asked, "Where shall the line be drawn between mental and moral insanity?" "Well," deliberately answered the old doctor, "I don't know where it should normally be drawn around the neck."

"Ah, Adolphus dear," said an esthetic young lady to her beau, as they entered

"Fray, Brother A., what is the reason, I told Mr. B. in your parish?" "Well, sir, all I can say is that such is the reputation of Mr. B. among us that when I read from the pulpit that passage in the Pauline, 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,' I am sure that I am able to convert him. I do not trust to that part of the gallery where Mr. B. sits under."

While an Idaho girl was sitting under a tree, waiting for her lover, a grizzly bear came along, and, approaching from behind, began to dig at her with its claws. She was so frightened that she jumped and cried out, "Tom, Tom, Tom, Tom," and enjoyed it heartily, and so screamed "frighter," and it broke the bear all up, and he went away and hid in the forest three days to get over his shame.

An old lady in the country had a cloudy

—Arthur

cession, it on the table was an enormous apple pie. "La, ma'am," said the gentleman, "how do you manage to get such a big pie?" "Well, ma'am," was the quaint reply, "we make the crust up in a wheelbarrow, wheel it under an apple tree, and then shake the fruit down into it."

A little girl in school being asked the question, "What is a member of the board of education," "who made our laws?" answered, "Congress." "And how is Congress divided?" asked the gentleman. The little girl hesitated, but finally said: "into civil and military." "And how is the military divided?" asked the gentleman, "and I am very good," said the gentleman, "but I do not see why you should have hesitated in your reply."

A matter-of-fact young man received an invitation from a lady—an old acquaintance—who had long blossomed into a social butterfly. He had been so sympathetic, requesting his presence at her home on a certain evening "to meet two minds." It happened that he had just accepted an invitation to dine elsewhere. He was so busy that he could not attend, expressing his regret that he could not avail himself of the opportunity to

not two minds," owing to a previous engagement "to meet four stomachs."

Regent street, London, was regularly patrolled by a number of men in blue uniforms, known as *passers-by* except old ladies. To these he addressed himself thus: "Oh young lady have pity on a poor beggar!" He was singularly successful in his attempts. In return, an inquiry, he explained his success thus: "You see, sir, my plan pleases all the ladies. Some of 'em believe me, and are pleased with the compliment; others see it's all a humbug, and are angry. But they all make up for it, and you see I get something from all of 'em."

EXITING MIDE.

The other day, while a noble gang of London was being hunted by the *Kapostassene*, a great homde—a subscription list in Hungary—one Karl Forst, a discharged hunsar, managed to bring the terrified animal to a standstill in a narrow cover through which it was forcing its way, and by an almost superhuman effort of strength and agility to despatch upon its back. After several desperate and unsuccessful attempts to dis-

hunted new to flight by the cry of the fast approaching hounds, resumed its course, but it soon broke down under the weight of its unaccustomed burden. It gave a gasp through sharp exhaustion and terror. Force was found by the hunter sitting on the unwounded carcass of the stag, which he had literally ridden to death, and resolutely claimed as the just reward of an achievement unprecedented in the annals of the chase.

